

Angela Porter Clark
or
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In Memoriam

EUGENIA C. MURRELL POSTON

Born, Charleston, S. C., June 27, 1827.

Died, San Francisco, Cal., December 25, 1907.

A memorial window has been placed in St. John's Episcopal Church in Marysville, Cal., to the memory of Mrs. Poston.

“By her life alone,
Gracious and sweet, the better way was shown.”
—*Whittier.*

Eugenia Poston Club

1899

1908



San Francisco, Cal.



List of Members

* Deceased Members

- | | |
|---|--|
| *MRS. EUGENIA CORNELIA
POSTON
(Honorary member) | Mrs. Ella Amelia Coult,
(Amelia Swezy) |
| Mrs. H. M. Alberry,
(Florence Hatch) | Mrs. Florence Craft Coleman, |
| Mrs. P. Amiraux,
(Mary Geller) | *Miss Mary Culbertson, |
| Mrs. F. G. Beatty,
(Alice Ridge) | Mrs. Homer Craig,
(Dora Posey) |
| Mrs. Chas. Barker,
(Gertrude Taylor) | Mrs. Kate Haun Dewey, |
| Mrs. Maggie Bell,
(Hutchins) | Mrs. F. A. Eilerman,
(Fannie Blodgett) |
| Mrs. H. L. Branthaver,
(Mary Buckelew) | Miss Lily Everson, |
| Mrs. A. A. Brown,
(Ada Carrick) | Mrs. W. R. Eckart,
(Hattie Gorham) |
| Mrs. I. S. Belcher, | Mrs. Richard Eccleston,
(Lula Hyatt) |
| Mrs. A. J. Binney, | Mrs. J. E. Frick,
(Nannie Ridge) |
| *Mrs. W. M. Bowers, | Mrs. Lucy Adkinson Fetter, |
| Mrs. Thos. Bonner,
(Frankie Mayhew) | Miss Emma Farrier |
| * Mrs. Annie Curtis Bowman, | Mrs. Chas. Winthrop Fish,
(Kate Goodfellow) |
| Mrs. Lee Cole Burnham,
(Elizabeth Clift) | Mrs. Nina Foulke,
(Nina McDaniel) |
| *Mrs. Jane Carr, | Miss May Ffoulkes, |
| Mrs. Giles Chittenden,
(Emily Parsons) | Mrs. D. Ghirardelli,
(Addie Cook) |
| Mrs. W. L. Cook, | Mrs. H. M. Gray, |
| Mrs. S. W. Cheyney,
(Bessie Wall) | Mrs. M. E. Ganahl,
(Lizzie McDaniel) |
| | Miss Bessie Goodfellow, |
| | Mrs. Caddie Smiley Gray, |
| | Mrs. Joe Ghirardelli,
(Ella Barstow) |

Mrs. Edward M. Hall,
 (Lillie Tubbs)
Mrs. William Henshaw,
Mrs. Grace Tubbs Henshaw,
*Mrs. Annie Hudson,
Miss Nellie Hudson,
Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard,
Miss Maud Howard,
Mrs. F. M. Husted,
 (Angie Holcomb)
Mrs. John H. Jewett,
Mrs. M. B. Katze,
 (Leah Nichols)
Mrs. Shepherd Jenks,
 (Vibella Martin)
Mrs. Frank Wilson Johnson,
 (Daisy Coult)
Mrs. J. Mora Moss,
 (Margaret Ffoulkes)
Mrs. Julien Mathieu, Jr.,
Mrs. F. Wellington Morse,
 (Dora Craig)
Mrs. John London Mears,
 (Mamie Thompson)
Miss Ella Moody,
Mrs. Geo. T. Marsh,
 (Lucy Whitesides)
Mrs. James Moore,
Mrs. M. De la Montanya,
 (Emma Morse)
Mrs. Sydney H. Morgan,
 (Jeannie Gorham)
Miss Nina Elizabeth McMurray,
Mrs. Chas. Nathan,
 (Flora Nathan)
Mrs. C. J. Newberry,
 (Carrie Oldfield)

Mrs. Jane Nightingill,
Miss Machen Nichols,
Miss Helen Nichols,
Miss Maud North,
Mrs. A. Nivens,
 (Jessica Ridge)
Mrs. V. O'Brien,
 (Kate Taylor)
Mrs. Edward C. Prather,
 (Aggie Webb)
Mrs. Emily Browne Powell,
Mrs. S. Redfield,
Mrs. Tillie Reed,
 (Whitmore)
Mrs. N. D. Rideout,
*Mrs. E. J. Ripley,
 (Lao Barnes)
Mrs. Elisha Ransome,
 (Mary Wilson)
Mrs. Emily F. Reynolds,
*Mrs. E. A. Ridge,
Miss Lorna Romer,
Miss Marion Rodgers,
Mrs. Ada Simpson,
 (Miss Lansing)
Mrs. C. Schofield,
 (Maria Parsons)
Mrs. William Schofield,
Mrs. M. E. Stanford,
 (Eugenia Stone)
Mrs. J. B. Stevens,
Mrs. Geo. M. Shaw,
 (Stella Porter)
*Mrs. Susan Tubbs,
Mrs. N. S. Thompson,
Mrs. Chas. Wheeler,
 (Lillie Marsh)

Mrs. Isaac Williams,
 (Lou Wall)
Miss Clara Wilson,
Mrs. Sarah P. Walsworth,
Mrs. B. S. Wilkins,
 (Susie Earl)
Mrs. Helen Fonda Walker,
Mrs. P. L. Wheeler,
 (Katherine Kirkham)

Mrs. Robert Watt,
• Mrs. James Wilcox,
 (Agnes McCormick)
Mrs. C. S. Wells,
Miss Clara M. Wilson,
Mrs. K. C. Whitney,
 (Kate Chapin)
Mrs. Edw. B. Young,
 (Carrie Stone).



Object and Formation of Eugene Poston Club

The "Eugenia Poston Club" is composed of the former pupils, teachers and friends of "Mrs. Poston's Seminary," established in Marysville, Cal., in 1857, and removed to Oakland, Cal., in 1873; their object being to give support, companionship and sympathy to Mrs. E. C. Poston in her old age and to keep green in their hearts the memories of school days and school friends.

Initiatory steps for the formation of the society were taken early in 1899 and a call made by verbal and written invitations for a meeting of those interested, which was held on the first Wednesday in February, 1899, at 108 McAllister Street, San Francisco, the residence of Mrs. Agnes McCormick Wilcox, formerly an assistant teacher in the Poston Seminary.

At this meeting Mrs. E. A. Ridge, an associate teacher in the school, made a statement of the object of the proposed society and of the character of the meetings as social and literary; mentioning "Talks on Foreign Travel," by Mrs. Poston, as a feature of the literary programme.

A permanent organization was decided upon. It being understood that all present were entitled to the privileges of membership, the next step taken was the election of officers for the newly formed society which resulted as follows:

President—Mrs. Nina McDaniel Foulke (first graduate of the Seminary).

Vice-President—Mrs. Alice Ridge Beatty.

Secretary—Miss Leah Nichols.

Treasurer—Mrs. Agnes McCormick Wilcox.

The further business transacted was:

The choice of a name—"Eugenia Poston Club."

Time of meeting—2 P. M. on the first Wednesday of every month.

Retrospect

We do not aspire to be recognized as a club in the strictest acceptation of the term, for while we elect our officers as other clubs do, we have not the requisite constitution, by-laws, auxiliaries, sections, parliamentary laws, fines, etc., etc.; but what is pre-eminently of more importance, we have the feeling of goodfellowship which has enabled us to hold together as a congenial association, much of the prosperity of which has been due to the quiet suggestions of our leader—and as our ship has glided calmly on we have peacefully gathered information, entertainment and, best of all, a better acquaintance with each other.

Without restrictive laws order has prevailed and our gavel of yewwood from Butte County, Cal., carved and presented to the club by one of our number, Mrs. Brant-haver, has never yet been used to quiet a heated discussion or antagonistic debate. Our fraternal spirit has ever been ready to extend sympathy to our sorrowing sister, as well as eager to share the joys as they come into the individual lives of our little band!

From the twenty charter members at the first gathering in February, 1899, the list has increased—the chain which binds us ever lengthening—until at present, February, 1908, nine years later, there have been 101 names enrolled, nine of whom have passed to the great beyond and four have resigned, leaving a list of 88 members.

Our membership embraces residents of British Columbia, in the far north, the City of Mexico in the south, Geneseo, N. Y., in the east, and our own city in the west.

The club's personnel is somewhat unique in point of age, as several members have passed the fourscore milestone; one little maiden, Elizabeth McMurry, the granddaughter of our first president, is but seventeen.

The first twenty meetings of the club were held at 108 McAllister Street, but when, in October, 1900, Mrs. Wilcox left for the east, we were without a home. On the second anniversary, February, 1901, however, arrangements were made for the parlors of the Berkshire Hotel, 711 Jones Street, which was our headquarters until the disaster of April 18, 1906; although we frequently accepted the hospitality of some member of the club and almost invariably since February, 1903, have we been entertained. The delightful informality and sociability of these home gatherings are greatly appreciated by all.

The anniversary meetings of the club, which occur in February, have been somewhat red-letter days and aside from the election of officers for the ensuing year the sessions have been entirely social in character.

By common consent the grande fête day of the club has been held on Mrs. Poston's birthday, June 27th, of each year, and has invariably been an out-of-town all day celebration. In 1900 it was held at Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard's Oakland home. In 1901 "Miyajima," the Mill

Valley residence of Mrs. George T. Marsh, threw open its oriental grounds for our pleasure.

The last six birthdays we spent delightfully at "Belvoir," Niles, as the guest of Mrs. Emily Parsons Chittenden, whose untiring efforts on these occasions are convincing proof of the loving esteem in which she holds her guest of honor, Mrs. Poston, as well as her kindly thought of her friends and classmates of Auld Lang Syne.

On these festive occasions the birthday cake is always in evidence with its candles, which are emblematic of the light which our beloved teacher has cast upon those around her—"her girls," as she was pleased to call us.

At the monthly gatherings our programmes have consisted of a lecture by Mrs. Poston, music, both instrumental and vocal, recitations and readings generally contributed by members. The piece de resistance of the programmes has been, of course, Mrs. Poston's lecture and, until her last sickness, she had failed to be present on only one occasion, always ready to give in her clear, distinctly audible voice her instructive talk upon some country or city in which she had sojourned during one of her trips abroad.

These talks were made doubly interesting by the many fine photographs and engravings, as well as souvenirs which she exhibited.

Mrs. Poston gave one public lecture under the auspices of the club. It was given on the last Thursday of October, 1904. The subject was "Venice." It was largely attended and proved highly satisfactory socially

and financially. We were indebted to Mrs. N. D. Rideout for the use of her parlors on this occasion.

The following is a list of subjects treated of at the regular monthly meetings: Trip Around the Horn; On the Shores of the Mediterranean, Menton in the South of France, Rome, Sistine Chapel, Vatican and Appian Way, Naples, Venice, Pompeii, Greece, Florence, Geneva, Paris, Nuremberg, Scotland, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Holland, Amsterdam, The Hague, Brussels, Antwerp, Christmas in Berlin, the Schools of Berlin, the Russo-Japanese War, Italian Literature, the Madonnas, Hager in the Wilderness, Othello, Faust and sketches of the lives of Shakespeare, Longfellow, Michael Angelo, Dante and his works, St. Francis de Assissi, and her last talk at the October, 1907, meeting was upon Paris of Early Days.

This is, indeed, a goodly aggregate of sterling topics,—topics treated by our lecturer-in-chief in so able a manner as to furnish much intellectual food and, coupled with the social privileges that we have enjoyed during the past nine years, has made it worth while to belong to the Eugenia Poston Club.

A memorial meeting on Founder's Day, first
Wednesday in February, will always be held.

A Letter From Mrs. Poston

My Girls:

The genesis of the Eugenia Poston Club has been asked for, and as the club is the outgrowth of the Poston School and its associations the story of the one necessarily includes that of the other. In the history of your school, which is the subject of this letter, will be found the genesis of your club and reasons for its continued existence.

Some years after our removal to Oakland, in a discussion upon the status of private schools in California with Mr. D. C. Stone, principal of the Girls' High School in San Francisco, and several other teachers, the suggestion was made that the Poston Seminary, being one of the earliest established in Northern California, be so reported in the educational records of the State. Mr. Stone was principal of the Marysville Grammar School in early days and was among the first patrons of our school.

Influenced by Mr. Stone's suggestion and by the fact that several of our graduates were teachers in the public schools in California and elsewhere, I collected such records as could be found, intending to put them in shape some day for the Educational Bureau. Subsequent events, however, changed conditions, my long absence from the State, Mr. Stone's death during that absence, hindered the carrying out of this intention at the proper time. Now, any report of our seminary as one of the

educational factors of the State must be made by another than myself. This letter—this story of our school—is written for “My Girls,” who only can understand and appreciate it. It is *not* for the general public.

Of our work-rooms, the so-styled “seminaries,” there is scarcely a vestige left. The ivy-covered walls of the brick school hall in Marysville, the older frame building of the “Home under the Fig-tree,” nay, the fig-tree itself,—all have disappeared. New and modern buildings stand on that corner opposite the Courthouse, considered for so many years as our special home-place.

In Oakland, the oak grove in which the seminary stood is so transformed as to be scarcely recognizable. The Heath house still remains, but the spacious school hall built by Gen. Keyes was entirely destroyed by fire a few years since and the trees, the grand old oaks, have fallen one by one, to make room for new streets or other improvements. We are indeed fortunate to have in our possession a picture, an oil painting by Mr. Reichart, the artist, of one venerable oak tree, in whose shade, on whose branches, many happy hours have been passed.

And the workers—teachers, scholars—where are they? Some have entered into the new life of the great beyond. Some under stress of time and distance and varied interests have lost touch with the memories of the “Fig- and Oak-tree Days.” Others are still with us and of us.

Our school work is indeed at an end; but the seed that is sown bears fruit. The days, months, years, of earnest thought and study passed in those “work-rooms”—teacher and pupil working together for one common

end—the formation of habits, discipline of powers, moulding of character—effected results beneficial at the time and steadily exercising to the present day, a purifying influence on this river of many waters called society. Some of you will recall the name of one teacher who gave you special attention; some will recall another. It matters little who did or does the work. That it is done is the all important point. The seed germinating, developing into bud, flower, fruit, recks not of the hand of the sower.

A rich fruitage is ours, my fellow-teachers. We have our recompense for many hours of anxious effort as we go with our girls to their homes; see them in high or low estate, never giving up the struggle for the right, transmitting to others the best lessons learned in girlhood, and helping to make the world better. "Good begets good."

If the Eugenia Poston Club had not been formed, my dear girls, I might have judged that, as some of you have said, "the cares of life had so overlaid all memories of school and school friends, that they were almost as though they had never been." In any case, however, the story of your school would have been found some day, left as a legacy to those of you who still remembered—the written testimony of one who worked with you of what you did, individually and collectively as factors in the up-building of your State.

But the "Club," indisputable evidence of your loyalty to "School Memories" is an established fact; and at every meeting there comes to me a voice from the old

days, soft but insistent, saying: "We are not forgotten; do not let us be forgotten."

With loving trust in your loyalty and appreciation these "Outlines of the Poston School" are traced—mere outlines to be filled in by each of you as memory and individual records furnish material.

Your old teacher,

EUGENIA C. POSTON.

San Francisco, February, 1906.



Teaching in California

My work as a teacher in California began in January, 1856, in a country public school located near the Buttes, within the limits of the present Sutter City. The position was obtained for me by Mr. George Brittan, one of the school trustees.

His sisters were among my pupils then and his two daughters were with us in the seminary in Marysville. The friendship of this family, so helpful at the beginning of my work in this new country, has continued through all the subsequent years.

The experience gained in this school—ungraded, mixed classes, boys and girls of different ages—was ultimately of great service to me, giving an insight into the special needs and nature of California girls, differing even then from their sisters on the Atlantic Coast.

Pupils in Public School, Sutter County, 1856.

Brittan, Berinda	Ramey, John
Fairchild, Delia	Spears, Jane
Gaar, Martha	Say, Jasper
Sisk, Dick	Sisk, Fannie
Ramey, Julia	Sisk, Grafton
Ramey, Mary	Spears, Walter
Spears, William	

(The above list, from memory, is as nearly correct as could be made without reliable records.)

The term of teaching was brought to an abrupt close by an accident, a fall from a horse and the breaking of a collar-bone. This led to an acquaintance with Drs. McDaniel and Wilkins and other citizens of Marysville, the result of which acquaintance was the erection of the Poston Seminary in that place.

A letter from Dr. McDaniel gives somewhat in detail the preliminary steps taken by him in view of my opening a school in Marysville and the considerations that rendered that town preferable to Nevada, of which place there had been some question.

MARYSVILLE, July 9, 1857.

Dear Mrs. Poston:

I received yours of the fourth inst. and should have answered immediately but I wished time to make the necessary inquiries in relation to the chance of your establishing a paying school in this place.

From all I can learn you can start in with a school that will pay you one hundred and fifty dollars per month with the chance, if you give satisfaction (of which I have no doubt) of greatly increasing your income.

This place presents a better field for teaching than Nevada for the reason that it has more permanent inhabitants and the winters are less severe. The snows of Nevada, which often last for five or six months, must of necessity interrupt the progress of a school. Here, if you chose to do so, you can teach the whole year.

I have made inquiries and find you can have ten music pupils at once—Miss Thompson, the two daughters

of Dr. Geller, Miss Nye, Miss Magruder, Miss Selby, Miss Davis, Mrs. Brumagim and Nina. All the above parties expect to pay ten dollars per month. They can be depended on.

I have spoken to a builder here in regard to a room and he agrees to put up an academy 20 ft. by 40 ft. of brick hard finish, with a good well for forty-five (\$45) dollars per month—the house to be situated on E Street only three blocks from our house,—good brick pavement all the way. The house can be ready to go into thirty days from the time you say you will take it. Write me what you think of it so that I can give an answer.

I am not over sanguine in relation to any matter as I know to some extent the genus homo and know that they are little to be trusted, but at the same time I feel assured that you can make a handsome support here and without misfortune can lay up in a few years a competency for a rainy day.

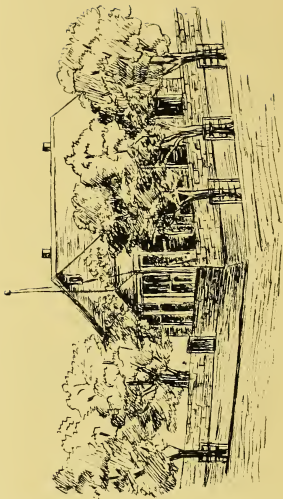
Respectfully your friend,

R. H. McDANIEL.

An answer, thanking Dr. McDaniel for his kindly interest and agreeing to the proposed arrangement was sent without delay. The architect, Mr. Seward, had the building finished in thirty days.

"She hath done what she could."

—St. Mark xiv: 8



POSTON SEMINARY, MARYSVILLE, CAL.

(Drawn from memory by M. E. Ganahl)

First Day of School in Marysville

One bright morning in September, 1857, a group of young girls with some of their parents assembled in the just completed seminary on E Street, Marysville, Cal., to greet the new teacher. The eager, inquiring faces come before me now, and the surroundings—the large hall, the platform with desk and chair for the teacher, the scholars' desks, the blackboards, the little music-room in the rear—I see them all.

Truly grateful for the kindly welcome, I felt yet more deeply the confidence placed in me—a stranger and untried—by these parents who were entrusting me with the training of their daughters, the future women of California—a work of vital importance to a State still in the formative period. And I vowed on that first day, God helping, to be true to the best interests of those given into my charge.

Some of the names enrolled on that day's school register are on your club list, with many, many names of sisters, cousins, daughters, nay, granddaughters of that class of 1857.

The building was well adapted to our needs. Classes were formed without delay and work began in earnest. Our yard was small—the picturesque utterly lacking—still there was room for some play, a very necessary part of education; and many useful and happy days were passed here. It was not long before the increasing

number of scholars from the country called for a boarding department, and the house on the adjoining lot was rented for that purpose.

Boarders brought additional cares, especially in the matters of health and of church attendance. For the first we relied upon our "Advisory Board" of medical patrons—Drs. McDaniel, Wilkins, Soule, Gray and Geller. These gentlemen had aided in establishing the school, their daughters were attending it, and they were naturally interested in our well-doing in health as in other matters. The old saying "There's safety in a multitude of counsellors," seemed to apply to us, for during the five years of our occupancy of the E Street buildings we had scarcely a case of illness, despite the proximity of the dreaded slough.

For the matter of church attendance—our institution was not sectarian in any sense. I was an Episcopalian. The majority of my patrons were of other denominations, and church attendance was arranged in accordance with their wishes for their children. The Rev. E. B. Walsworth, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, was both personal friend and patron—his nieces were members of the school—and with his introduction, our board-pupils were given seats in the church and joined the Sunday School. Later a similar arrangement was made with the Episcopal Church.

As time passed the citizens showed their approval of us by attendance on our examinations and closing exercises and favorable criticism of the same. Thus working hard, but playing too, at times, our little band came

to be regarded as a not unimportant factor in the up-building of society in Marysville. The girl of to-day is the woman of to-morrow.

Don't you remember our May Day Festival, successful beyond anticipation? And our peerless Queen of the May, Mary Love—loved by every one? I hear her now:

“O, I'm to be Queen of the May, Mother!
I'm to be Queen of the May,”

the pure voice thrilling with excitement and pleasure. Mr. John R. Ridge and Mr. C. C. Goodwin wrote part of the program; the rest, with the exception of the stanzas from Tennyson, came from a long, long ago May Day Festival in far-away old Tennessee.

And—reverse of the medal—have you forgotten the burglar who the night before Christmas stole up the stairs and down again, letting himself out the front door and leaving us minus various precious articles, to say nothing of money?

The responsibilities of my position were great. Even the steady support and encouragement of patrons and friends would not have sufficed to give me courage to tread this new and difficult path, had not my training during all my preceding life been such as to fit me, in a measure at least, for the position now occupied. First, there was the “Infant School”—it would be “kindergarten” now—in Union, South Carolina, to which I went when three years old, and learned to observe, imitate, memorize. Then the Primary School (private) in Charleston, S. C.—Miss Milligan, teacher, where we

studied one half the day. In the afternoon was the sewing-school, Miss Hambum, teacher, and dancing lessons twice in the week. School training was supplemented by a home-training, the principal items of which were *unquestioning* obedience to parental orders, the recitation of the morrow's lessons to my mother on the previous evening and rigid supervision of all books read, this chiefly by my father. Later I was sent to Madame Talvan's French School, where courtesy to all and devotion to Madame was the rule of conduct, and memory was cultivated to the neglect of other faculties.

From these preparatory schools I passed to the Spartanburg Seminary in the northern part of the State, and there completed my school education. The seminary was under the direction of a Board of Trustees, who engaged with Phoebe Paine of New York (?) as principal, giving her entire control of the course of study. I have never known a system better adapted to form character, to develop the crude girl into the efficient, loyal woman than that followed in this institution, of which I became a member in 1839, entering the Preparatory Department.

The system adopted in our school in California was based upon Miss Paine's of which the principal features were the daily opening of the school with Bible reading and the Lord's Prayer; the respect shown by the teachers to students, consulting with them on matters of general interest to the school; the encouragement of a feeling of class loyalty, an altruistic, "Help one another spirit"

among them; thorough teaching in elementary branches, drawing maps, etc.; provision for healthful play as well as for study, botany in the woods and on the hillsides, astronomy under star-lit skies; May Day festivals; Friday evening gatherings, at which a "class paper" was read once a month. In introducing each feature into our school, I had the advantage of a practical knowledge of its effects upon girls twenty years before. And girls are girls, whether living in the first or last half of the nineteenth century.

You will all remember our daily preparation for class work by reading the Bible and the Lord's Prayer following the custom of my own school days; and the thought that my girls, even the most heedless, acquired by repeated readings a working knowledge of the Thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians: "Charity suffereth long and is kind," etc., and of the Twenty-third Psalm: "The Lord is my shepherd," is a comfort to me now.

My work as a teacher began shortly after leaving school, my scholars being my younger sisters and cousins whom I initiated into the ways of the kindergarten of my own infancy. When left a widow in Clarksville, Tennessee, in circumstances that required self-support, teaching was the only thing I felt capable of attempting; and there are men and women now living in old Tennessee who were taught to read by your principal.

I have spoken of these matters somewhat in detail, my dear girls, for the special reason that many of you are, or have been, teachers and are training your daughters for the same vocation. You see here what the influence

of a teacher is; how it is transmitted from one generation to another. If you have derived any benefit from the Poston School, such benefit is largely due to Miss Paine—a teacher whom you never saw.

It has both surprised and pleased me that so many of the girls ground in our mill should become teachers—in both public and private schools; and successful, too, if one may judge by the length of time they hold positions. As early as 1865 I find one of our assistant-pupils engaged as primary teacher in a Marysville Public School. (I should be glad to have a complete list of my girls who have been, or are, engaged as teachers; at present I have only a few names.)

Some of our graduates, however, from whom I anticipated (personal) aid in our own school disappointed me sorely. No sooner did they receive formal and honorable release from all school duties,—the magic “diploma” in evidence—than they voluntarily entered into a contract for life-service—heart and soul and hand—each with the man of her choice, and I was left lamenting.

The position of assistant-pupil, I regard as advantageous to both pupil and teacher. The first, become assistant, does not forget her needs as a pupil and knows when and how to help; the teacher can rely upon her as one who has recently trod the pupil's path to throw light upon dark places. Thus they are mutually helpful. The responsibility involved, partial though it be, is good preparation for the weighty responsibilities of life that cannot be shared—must be borne alone.

As our numbers increased the lack of school grounds was keenly felt. And the announcement in the Marysville Appeal, May 16, 1862, that "Judge Lindley . . . offered for sale his residence on the north side of Sixth Street, between D and Maiden Lane," and that "the property was purchased by Mrs. Poston for \$2,500, for the purpose of removing thither her justly popular Academy" was read with general satisfaction. A smaller lot cornering on D and Sixth was bought at the same time and on this a one-story brick hall was erected for school purposes. The residence of Judge Lindley was occupied by the boarding-department, music lessons, etc. Thus in the fall of 1863 we found ourselves under our own vine and fig-tree in as homelike a corner as was ever dignified with the title of "Seminary."

The Marysville Court House bounding our view on one side, we regarded ourselves as under the special protection of the officers of the law, and in truth, our grateful acknowledgments are due them for many, many courtesies.

With the enlargement of our premises the school grew rapidly. The rancher on the plain sent his daughters, the miner in the hills sent his daughters and his "nuggets," towns far and near, Smartsville, Grass Valley, Nevada, Downieville, Weaverville, Shasta, etc., gave us their girls and their good will. We grew apace.

Ours was truly a co-operative work. Principal, teachers, pupils, worked together within the enclosure, supported, encouraged, counselled by the citizens of the

town. They appreciated the effort we were making and gave us aid of their best.

Ours was not an endowed establishment. The income was derived solely from the payment of pupils—day and boarding-pupils; consequently there was no large sum for teachers' salaries or for school apparatus. The simplest necessary furniture was all we could compass. Knowing the expense and difficulty of obtaining instructors in special branches college bred men in the town, professional and non-professional, took physiology, mathematics, Latin, etc.

When our halls proved too limited in extent for our closing exercises, the grim Court House opened its portals to us. Strangely beautiful and touching it was to see our little Mattie Belcher standing shyly on the judge's platform—the hall below her filled with friends listening to the clear, sweet tones of her childish voice as she recited Tennyson's Cradle Song:

“What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.” Etc., etc.

Ah me! How the pictures come and go.

Some of the churches, too, opened their doors to us on similar occasions. None who heard will have forgotten the recitation by our little Gertie Soule given in the Baptist Church, where we were holding our closing exercises. Every word of the touching lament “Little Gretchen, little Gretchen wandered down the street” fell on the ear softly distinct, and full of troubled feeling as though the child

were telling us her own story. And like a dream it seems, though when I remember not, but once there was an exhibition of the Primary Class in Calisthenics in the Presbyterian Church, which elicited general surprise and commendation. It was a beautiful picture.

Calisthenics was introduced into the school by Mr. Long, our music teacher. It was then a new branch of education (physical) and its benefit to the school questioned by some. Hence the attempt to show what it really was, and in that way beneficial to the future woman.

The permit given us from time to time to occupy her "high places" was one of the many ways in which Marysville showed her interest in us and approval of us.

Another picture, different in kind comes before my dreamy eye of a time when we took possession of the "Theatre" and had "Tableaux" for the benefit of the School Library. (Before Carnegie this.) I do not remember the financial result, but the very mention of "tableaux" to the girls sends them into fits of hysterical laughter. "Eden" and "Sparkling Saturday Night," when the curtain would not come down, was too much!

Better than these memory pictures, as being more reliable and fuller, are the written records in the "Portfolio," "Ivy Leaf," and "Oak Leaf" published monthly by the highest class in the seminary—the "Portfolio" and "Ivy Leaf" belonging to the Marysville period, the "Oak Leaf" to the Oakland period. The stray numbers in our possession, disfigured as they are by fire and water, are very precious since they contain indisputable statements

of facts, and show the progress made by the improvement noticeable in the literary articles.

We are especially grateful that while many of these papers were lost in the fire of 1885, there were saved the third number of "Our Portfolio," published December 21, 1860, and the last of the same or nearly the last, published, April, 1872, also several of the "Ivy Leaf" and of the "Oak Leaf," 1873, in good condition. These publications by the different classes at various epochs form the connecting links of our school history for well-nigh twenty years.

The title page of the number of oldest date reads thus:

Our Portfolio

Devoted to Literature, Art, and Criticism.

Vol. I.	Marysville, Friday, Dec. 21st, 1860.	No. 3.
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Published monthly by the Rhetoric Class
of the Marysville Female Seminary. E Street, between
7th and 8th.

Teachers: Mrs. E. C. Poston, Principal; Miss M. E. Jewett, Assistant; Mr. N. Brooks, Teacher of Drawing.

References: Rev. E. B. Walsworth; Mr. P. Decker, Mr. W. K. Hudson, J. O. Goodwin, Esq., (all of Marysville), Rev. Warren, San Francisco; Dr. Overton, Nevada; T. P. Hawley, Nevada; Dr. Wilkins, Honcut; Mr. Brumagin, San Francisco; Rev. H. Hill, Sacramento.

The fourth scholastic year of this institution commenced on Monday, August 27th, 1860, etc., etc.

Three years later, December 23, 1863, Vol. 4, No. 2, is published by the "Moral Philosophy Class of Mrs. Poston's Seminary, corner of D and Sixth Streets, Marysville. (Note change of name and location.) Assistant Teachers: Miss A. J. McCormick; Assistant Pupils: Misses McIntosh and Wilson; Prof. of Music: S. H. Long; Rev. J. H. Brodt, M. A." Vol. 4. No. 4, has on the title page the names of Rev. H. H. Rhees and Dr. Rogers as lecturers in the school.

No. 1, of the same volume, for November, 1863, gives as "Assistant Pupils, Miss Mary Love and Miss Mary Wilson."

The remaining fragmentary pages of the "Portfolios" are minus title pages and it is by the local items only that we can reach the approximate data.

We find notices of the visit of Rev. Willey and his "expressed surprise at finding an institution such as ours in Marysville;" of the visit of Rev. W. Hill of Sacramento and "his approval of the calisthenic exercises introduced by Mr. Long;" of the visit of Rev. Blakesley, of the "Pacific," and his favorable criticism of our seminary; notices of changes in the staff of instructors;—regrets for the loss of the drawing teacher, Mr. Noah Brooks, "who leaves us to take charge of a newspaper (Alta?) in San Francisco; for the departure of Mr. Long, so many years our music teacher, for the same city"; notice—"We very much regret to announce the departure of our friend and pastor, Mr. Walsworth, who has left us to reside in Oakland. We hope he will often visit our city. It will be long before we forget

him." Notice of the marriage of a schoolmate, Mahala Gray to Lewis Walker; of the graduating of Julia Rooney, Mrs. Eastman, in the middle of the year, unexpected circumstances requiring the arrangement; thanks to our kind friend, W. K. Hudson, for year's subscription to "Hours at Home," a new Eastern magazine; notice of much illness among the pupils and in the town generally; of return of Dr. Wilkins to Marysville and rejoicings thereupon. And so the fragmentary records run on leaving memory to fill up the gaps, to find the missing links.

I find no written record of our resident English teachers except of the first, Miss Jewett, on title page of "Portfolio" of '60, and of Miss McCormick on that of '67. But the impress made on mind and heart of pupils by these faithful co-workers in our school is ineffaceable and they can never be forgotten.

Miss Cole, whose eccentric excellencies are unforgettable, Miss Agnes McCormick, Miss Ada Lansing, Miss Hayes, Miss Maria Parsons, who had sole charge of the school during my absence necessitated by ill health, and Mrs. John R. Ridge—to these I owe a gratitude not to be expressed for their faithful and efficient co-operation with me as principal—without which co-operation our work could not have prospered.

Heads of families gave us warm welcome to their homes and coming to us brought that spirit of home life and culture as valuable in forming girl character as is book learning. Recall our Friday evening receptions and our Christmas trees. Were there ever such Christ-

mas trees as those that bore such rich fruitage every year when the "season of Good Will and Peace" came to our little world? How utterly impossible they would have been without the friends that never failed us—McDaniel, Hudson, Swezy, Filkins, Belcher, Jewett, Gorham, near neighbors, and hosts of others. Some have left us for the better land, others are still with us. I see them all in memory's mirror as I see you, my girls—laughing, jesting, teasing each other as you hang the snowy festoons of cotton and popcorn—and again when, the candles lit, Santa Claus distributes the gifts.

When I received the invitation to a reception given by Mrs. Jewett to Alice Watts on her visit to San Francisco two pictures from the past came before me—one as I first saw her, coming into my room, clinging to her grandmother, and holding a doll almost as large as herself in her arms. The other as she sat on the floor at a safe distance from the Christmas tree, opening a Christmas box that her good friend, Mrs. Jewett, had prepared for her. Hers was the happiest child face that I ever saw.

We seem always to have had with us motherless little ones, kith and kin far away, and there were always kind hearts to make Christmas joyous for the little tots, and for vacation days, most welcome invitations came from many—Mrs. Moody, Mrs. Carpenter and even from Grass Valley and Nevada. Every one seemed glad to help with the motherless and homeless little ones.

And our Friday evening receptions! Potent factors in more than one branch of education—when a pupil

played the role of "society hostess" receiving as guests her teachers, boarding mates and visitors from the outer world. Here there was opportunity for forming acquaintance and friendship with those outside of the regular school circle.

Occasionally the reception took the form of a dance, and Mrs. Someone played the melodeon for the merry dancers in the school hall.

Our friends were with us in our joys, in our sorrows, in our sore trials they were still with us to cheer, to help as best they could. Do you remember when we were left without a room to shelter us when the fire destroyed our home, how those other homes were open to us, pupils and teachers, our needs kindly and generously supplied? And when the dark financial cloud threatened to ruin all—your principal was no business woman then—how quickly some of those good friends came to the rescue and made us free to go on with our work. I never knew to whom I owed gratitude. I could only render heart-felt thanks to unknown friends.

My girls, you and I owe too much to Marysville, ever to forget her. What we are today we could never have been without the kindly influences with which her citizens surrounded us, without the wise, efficient friendship with which they watched and guarded us. Not only while we were in their midst was the interest in our well-being manifested. When compelled by climate and considerations of health to change locations, we folded our tents for that flitting to the Bay city, it was Marysville influence that followed and introduced us in Oakland

so that we were not altogether strangers in a strange land. The first graduating class was composed of Marysville girls.

It is difficult to speak—to write of our departure from Marysville. I was as one adrift on a stormy sea without a guiding compass—cut off by my own act from the helping hands that for long years had never failed me. The one thing that gave me strength to go was the absolute necessity, as I thought, for change of climate for both pupils and teachers.



Removal to Oakland

We rented the Heath house on Oak Street, between Tenth and Eleventh Streets, judging it suitable for our purpose. It proved too small, however, and General Keyes, who owned the property, built the large addition containing the school halls, etc.

Mrs. A. E. Ridge shared the cares of removal and settling in the new home. The first troubled days of that "settling," memorable alike to teachers and pupils, were thickly strewn with the thoughtful, helping acts of old and new friends—Mrs. Wall, Mrs. Durant, Mrs. Wetmore, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Kirkham, with each name comes the memory of a kindly deed, never forgotten.

We brought our boarders and some of our day pupils with us. The shell, the building was left in Marysville, the living members of the school were transported to Oakland, exchanging vine and fig tree for the grandest oaks that ever shaded a set of merry school girls.

We liked our new quarters. Our neighbors testified their good will and interest by sending us their daughters, and the fall term of 1872 opened with a reasonable prospect of success in a new field of labor. The school had changed location. In spirit and aim it was the same.

There was no difficulty in Oakland in securing teachers for studies not included in the regular course. The Art Department—drawing and painting—was in charge of artists whose names were guarantees of thorough and

"Life is not a holiday, but an education."

—Henry Drummond



OAK LEAF SEMINARY, OAKLAND, CAL.

right training. Wandesford, Cameron, Reichardt, are names to be remembered. We are indebted to Mr. Reichardt for the fine picture of our famed oak tree. Mr. and Mrs. Cameron were members of our household and highly esteemed as home friends.

Professor Mibielle, of San Francisco, Professor Melquiond, of Oakland, taught our classes in French and Professor Reget's lectures were open to the advanced pupils. There were also resident lady teachers of French and German.

The music class was large, and as in the other departments, no pains, no expense possible was spared to secure good instructors. Mr. Schwartzman, who had charge of our music and German in Marysville for some years, removed to San Francisco, and came over to us for a time. Later Professors Hartman, Rosenberg, Kehne, Babcock, gave special lessons as desired. Mr. Morgan gave instruction on the organ. Mrs. Morgan, his widow, welcomed me cordially on my visit to Berlin in 1893, as representing the institution in which her husband had been interested. Miss Dillaye, of San Francisco, is perhaps, best remembered of the outside professors of music. The performance of the operetta "Genevieve" with "brilliant" success by her music class is one of the many pleasant memories of "Oak Leaf Seminary."

The beautiful grounds and large hall were well adapted to such entertainments—entertainments that stimulate the pupil to effort in certain studies and afford occasion for showing progress and for giving pleasure to friends. Our resident music teacher, Miss Mary Thomas, had

rare skill and tact in developing and combining the varied talents of our girls. Some of you will remember, though you were little tots at that time, one evening when the "Little Folks" united with their seniors in entertaining friends. The musical features of the program—selections from Gottschalk, Rubinstein, Franz Abt, etc.—were varied by recitations, tableaux, pantomime. The "Little Folks" appeared in "Mother Goose" and "Auld Lang Syne," and "added greatly to the pleasure of the evening" as the reporter said in the morning paper.

And again, one evening when the fog-horn sounded its warning note and the old oaks were shrouded in dampness, our hall was filled with friends who came to be entertained. The immediate vicinity outside was illumined as well as could be with lanterns; within all was bright and cheery. On the walls hung oil paintings by Professor Cameron's pupils and flowers and evergreens banished all semblance of school routine.

The introductory music was followed by a reading from Shakespeare's "As You Like It," by Professor Murray and five of his pupils. Next on the program was the charming operetta of "Lily Bell, the Culprit Fay."

Ah, Titania, and Lily Bell, and Thistledown, and Heart's Ease, and Naiad Queen, and Silver Spray, where are you now? Will you read these lines and remember? Some of you I have followed and know that you are happy as homemakers. Others have gone out of my horizon. Will you ever return before it is too late?

And our meadow-lark, our little Paul! How sweetly she sang that evening—"The Cows are in the Corn,

Polly," and the encore. "Within a Mile o' Edinboro Town."

Outside professors were engaged to lecture on special subjects. Professor Ebell's lectures deeply interested our girls and one of the graduates, Miss Cameron, Class of '75, joined a party formed to study art in Europe under his guidance. Professor Ebell's sudden death on arriving at Rotterdam frustrated the plan. Our English teacher at the time, Miss Culbertsen, was the first president of the Ebell Club.

The proximity of San Francisco permitted enjoyment of the literary and musical advantages of the city. A trip across the Bay to attend a lecture, an operatic or dramatic performance was a delightful (and not unfrequent) change from school routine to both teacher and pupil.

We were admitted to the lectures at the University of California through the courtesy of the president and professors. Presidents Gilman, Le Conte, Durant of the college, and Professor Kellogg were personal friends of long standing and showed their interest in our success in many ways.

The Friday evening receptions gave enjoyable opportunity for forming social acquaintance with patrons as well as for training the young girl in the role of hostess. Friends who came to us on these evenings really helped us far more than they thought. New suggestions, new ideas, even new ways from the outer world bore fruit in the school room and *beyond*. Grave and reverend gentlemen came to these gatherings at times, and unbending

from the "dignity of office" lent themselves to making the hour brighter for our young folks. The home-sick girl—the girl from the plain and mountain land—to whom everything was strange—knew these dignitaries in pulpit or desk as pastor or professor and now met them as gentlemen in society. Who shall estimate the good effected by even an hour's converse with such men? Dr. Eells' and Father Ackerlay's genial, kindly ways won, I am sure, increased attention to the sermon on Sunday.

"The Oak Leaf" was published on the same general plan as the "Portfolio," with certain differences—fewer local items and no name of school or of teachers on the title page—witness the few leaves now in our "treasure box."

On the outer page there is no word written. Only an "Oak Leaf" exquisitely shaded indicates the title. The next and inner page bears this title, beautifully written.

The Oak Leaf

M. H. Caldwell, Editress N. B. Durden, Assistant Editress
April 10th, 1873.

The number contains several remarkably well-composed and well-penned articles, a few conundrums, and unimportant items. On the last page is the "Notice:" "The Spring Term of the Oak Leaf Seminary opens January 7th, 1874." (Note change of name.)

The editresses were of the Class of 1874.

The only other "Oak Leaf" in good condition is *without date*, but as it is "Vol. I., and No. 3," we infer that

it was published in October, 1872. The editresses are Misses Nelson and Durden. We copy from the editorial: "October is here with her paint-brushes. The forest leaves will change their green for crimson and brown and gold. The cold winter rains will beat upon them and they will soon be buried in mold. But our leaf, our young and green 'Oak Leaf,' the pride of the institution, will flourish through autumn chills and winter rains in all its spring-time verdancy."

The "Oak Leaf" seems not to have fulfilled the ever-green predicted by the editress, for there are no records of its publication in the latter years of the school and some of the graduates with whom I have spoken do not recall it. I did not realize our great loss by the fire until attempting to verify memory's pictures by written records. I found so few left.

We have a few programs of graduating exercises. One of the Class of '78. Class Motto: "No Footsteps Backward." One of the members of this Class, Alice Warbass, smoothed some of the rough places in my path in 1892, the year I spent in Seattle, where she resides. The seed sown, will bear fruit.

Another program is of the Class of '80. Motto: "Nil Desperandum." Diplomas presented by Rev. Hobart Chetwood.

Our numbers increased rapidly, beyond all expectation, until even with the spacious addition made by General Keyes every available space for boarders was filled and the class rooms were often crowded. Class after class

graduated and left us; their places were immediately filled.

During these years there were many changes of resident English teachers—changes too frequent for the welfare of the school, yet seemingly unavoidable. Mrs. Ridge from Grass Valley, Miss Naylor, Miss Culbertsen, Miss Maggie Culbertsen, Miss Chatham, who formed an ideal kindergarten in the little cottage—the work continued by Mrs. E. W. Farish after Miss Chatham left us—Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Peree, Miss McComas, and others whose names escape me, came and went making their influence felt more or less in the school circle.

There were several years of seeming prosperity. We began to feel secure of ultimate success, when suddenly, without warning, a cloud, small as a woman's hand, rose on the school horizon, and spread and spread. It was the beginning of the end.

Our success in Oakland had been more perhaps than we had any reason to expect. Our position here, however, was different from that occupied in Marysville. There, our school was the only institution of the kind in the town, and the citizens desirous of its success, worked with us and for us. In Oakland there were several of similar character, older than our own and holding secure place in the public estimation. Patronage was divided. These conditions and other disturbing influences had serious effect upon the fortune of our school.

There came a time when there was a most embarrassing decrease in the school income. How or why it scarce matters now to tell. But, there was a season of

drought—an era of business depression throughout the State ('77-'80)—our revenue depended largely on the boarding department and it was materially affected. The expenses of house and salaries seem increased. The rent of the property was raised. Payment was impossible. For, as elsewhere stated, the school was not an endowed institution. There was no reserve fund. The payment of expenses depended on the receipts from pupils.

Removal to less expensive quarters became imperative. A smaller place on Tenth Street was rented and the fall term of 1880 opened there with a larger number of pupils than was expected.

Miss Mary Thomas, faithful as teacher as she had been as pupil, and Miss Stevens, a new friend coming to us when most needed, whose rare gifts and long experience especially fitted her to aid in this transition crisis, were my principal assistants. And I owe it to their loyal and efficient co-operation that the school went on in the usual routine with a certain measure of success. Dear Miss Stevens! She is now in the Chabot Home, still helping those who seek to learn. A noble woman, a noble life! May she be rewarded.

In 1881 the end came. For thirty years the responsibilities of the principal of a school had been borne with the other cares of life. Such nature as mine could endure the strain no longer. (I must give up my school.)

The last class graduated in May, 1881. The diplomas were conferred by the Rev. Hobart Chetwood and the school closed never to reopen. The Poston Seminary ceased to exist.

The school furniture, found unsalable at the time, was stored in a building on Oak Street which was burned down two years later, and the furniture, books, school records and other valuables were destroyed or so injured as to be almost worthless.

Such, my girls, are the outlines of your school history drawn chiefly from memory's pages. The record is faded in places, in some wholly illegible yet with enough left to show in bold relief and at work the builders of our school—pupils, teachers, parents, friends—fourfold powers and influences combining for a great work. What greater work is there than the training of the future wife and mother of the race?

Remember, my girls, that the real success, the lasting influence of a school, private or public, depends on the character and strength of this fourfold combination of powers and influences. Our own school is an example.

Add to these outlines, my girls, as you can and wish. There are doubtless many incidents, many names of interest to each of you unrecorded—not forgotten, but omitted in the effort to give a general outline, clear and brief.

If there were mistakes made let all be forgotten now in the spirit of the "Charity that never faileth." There is no room for any save kindly memories of her co-workers—most grateful memories of some—in the heart of one who within sight of the four-score mile-stone looks back upon her life work.

You will notice in reading these outlines of the school that only such details of my personal history have been

referred to as affected the school—this being in no wise my autobiography. Now, my post as “principal,” one of the builders as was each individual member, being vacated the story of my wanderings for the next fifteen years will be out of place here unless considered as preparation for the position now occupied as “lecturer-in-chief” to the Eugenia Poston Club.

As such it will be given briefly.

A sea voyage was decided upon as offering me a possibility of restoration to health; and the week after the school closed my passage was engaged in the *Polynesia*, a British sailing vessel, bound for Liverpool, via Cape Horn. June 10, 1881, we passed through the Golden Gate out into the Pacific Ocean and after a stormy voyage of well-nigh six months, anchored in the harbor of Liverpool the last of November.

I spent a year in Scotland and England, another in France, two in Switzerland (Geneva), and four in Italy—making my home in Rome and going to other places as opportunity offered.

The first year was one of perfect rest. In Geneva, however, and in Rome I was engaged in making translations and in teaching, giving special lessons and having classes in both private and public schools. The notes taken during these years and the photographs collected have furnished material for my “Talks on Foreign Cities.”

In 1889 I returned to the United States by the Dominion Line, going up the St. Lawrence River, landing at Quebec and thence to Niagara Falls. Visits to Miss Culbertsen and Mrs. Walsworth in Livingstone Co., N. Y.,

to friends in New York City and Washington, D. C., to kindred in the South, were pleasant incidents of my homeward journey.

On arriving in Oakland, knowing myself better fitted for teaching than ever before, I tried to find work in that line, but with little success. The need of the State and age was, and is, for young, strong, and progressive instructors, to which class I did not belong. There was scant room for age and experience. Friends arranged several series of "Talks on Foreign Cities" for me, formed a few classes in French and Italian, but nothing permanent offered. At the end of a year of fruitless effort I found myself an invalid in the Fabiola Hospital cared for by former pupils and friends. Idleness causes illness in the old as in the young.

On recovering I accepted an invitation from Mrs. Bowman and Mrs. Childs to go to them at Anacortes, on Puget Sound, and for a year was actively engaged in teaching in Seattle, Anacortes, Whatcom, going from one town to the other and greatly enjoying the picturesque beauty of the scenes presented. In every place there were former pupils and teachers to smooth the rough places for me. At the close of the season I went to Spokane to Mrs. Ganahl's and after some weeks of mixed work and pleasure left to attend the Columbian Exposition in Chicago.

Circumstances, of personal interest only, decided me to go again to Europe, and I left Chicago the 9th of November, 1893, on the Spaarndam, bound for Rotterdam, which port we reached November 23rd.

Several weeks were spent in Holland, studying the quaint features of The Hague and Amsterdam; the winter was passed in Berlin, visiting other cities in Germany in the spring. Paris was my abode during the summer months until my old friends in Geneva wrote me to go to them. This I did most gladly remaining until the cold sent me to the Riviera, December, 1894.

The year 1895 was spent in Italy until the 23rd of November, when I sailed from Genoa on the steamer *Werra*, a floating palace. Landing in New York I was received by May Quigley, a former pupil, now Mrs. Little, most kindly, and Pauline Olmstead, Mrs. Sooy-smith, came to greet her old teacher, and the hours, all too few, passed more than pleasantly.

Returning to Oakland, I again made the effort to find work in my proper vocation—with the same want of success. I then sought employment in another field and to my surprise and content, found it; and had good cause to rejoice that my old fingers had not entirely lost their skill with woman's legitimate tool—the needle.

You who have read these lines can well imagine the fulness of grateful relief with which I received the announcement that my "Talks on Foreign Lands" would be welcomed and appreciated by a number of my girls—ex-pupils, ex-teachers and friends—who had arranged to meet me at the rooms of Mrs. Agnes McCormick-Wilcox, the first Wednesday of February, 1899.

Words fail to express my feelings at that first meeting. It was literally "a stirring of the dry bones."

There were gathered there some who belonged to the early period of my work in California—others who belonged to the intermediate and closing period—teachers who had shared the cares of teaching, pupils who had been taught, friends who had never failed me. All were assembled to welcome me, the old, old teacher, to give me hope of utilizing for their pleasure and profit the materials gathered in wanderings over land and sea.

Their loyalty and loving sympathy kindled anew my failing courage, and fresh energy of mind and body came with the thought of thus devoting the remnant of my days and strength to "My Girls."

What that meeting was to me in the actual present and in promise for my future, I alone can know. What was it—what will it prove for you, my girls? I shall not by the ordinary laws of life be with you much longer; for me the benefit is an assured thing. But for you? Is the knowledge that you have brightened the old age of your teacher to be your only gain?

Our girls are scattered far and wide, within easy reach or separated by long distance. We know them or we hear of them as home-makers, teachers, helpers in society—we *turned out few drones from our hives*. Many still call themselves "Poston Girls" recognizing the bond of school association.

May, can we not, gather these into our little band and form a larger one, united by school traditions and blended memories of "ivy vine and fig tree" and "grand old oaks," a band resting on the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, the foundation stone of our school, and

practising the "Charity that never faileth, that suffereth all things and is kind, that hopeth all things," etc.—ready to give sympathy, strong for mutual aid, wise for mutual counsel—a band of "Poston Girls," or rather a band of "Ivy and Oak Girls," "fidelity and strength" their motto, standing ever firm, united against wrong, firm, united for right—helping to make the world better and happier?

EUGENIA CORNELIA POSTON.



Marysville Girls

* Deceased

† Graduated

Adkison, Lucy	Brodt, Carrie
Alley, Jennie	Bronson, Emma
Atchison, Eliza	Buchanan, Minnie
Atchison, Annie	*Buckelew, Luella
Atchison, Ida	†Buckelew, Mary
	Burris, Sophie
Babb, Sarah	
Babb, Mary	Caples, Bell
Babb, Maria	†Chandon, Josephine
Bailey, Katie	Chapin, Kate
Baldwin, Libby	Chapin, Ida
†Ball, Mary	Chittle, Katie
Ball, Myra	Chittle, Fannie
†Barnes, Lao	Clive, Lena
†Barnes, Jennie	Coffin, Lizzie
*Belcher, Mattie	Cook, Addie
Bell, Sadie	Cook, Lizzie
Binkleman, Rosa	Craft, Florence
*Birch, Ada	Crary, Angie
Birmingham, Maggie	Curtis, Annie
Bliss, Mollie	Cutts, Annie
Bliven, Minnie	
Blodgett, C. Emma	Davidson, Hester
Bockius, Nellie	Davis, Josephine
Bockius, Charlie	Deal, Mattie
Boyd, Jennie	†Dean, Bell
Brett, Ada	†Dean, Eella
Brewster, Hattie	Delaney, Josie
Briggs, Abbie	De Mott, Emma
†Brittan, Mary	Downs, Lillie
†Brittan, Lizzie	

Evans, Julia	Hawley, Jessie
Evans, Mary	Haworth, Ina
	Hedges, Annie
Fairchild, Fannie	Holt, Delia
Farley, Nettie	Hornung, Ferdinand
Farish, Emily	Howard, Wallura
*Filkins, Lizzie	Howe, Rosa
Fisher, Jennie	Hubbard, Eva
Fonda, Helen	*Hudson, Annie
Frizlieben, Daisy	Hudson, Nellie
	Hudson, May
†Geller, Sallie	Hunt, Lizzie
Geller, Mary	Hurlburt, Dora
Geer, Libby	†Hutchins, Kate
Geodell, Lizzie	Hutchins, Maggie
Goodwin, Mary	Hyatt, Lulu
Gorham, Ella	
†Gorham, Hattie	Jasper, Lizzie
Gorham, Jennie	Jeffries, Kate
†Gray, Mahala	Jenison, Emma
†Greene, Jennie	Judge, Gertrude
Gregg, Annie	
	*Kendall, Carrie
Hamilton, Eva	Keyes, Ella
Hancock, Kate	Kibbe, Orilla
Hancock, Delima	Kinney, Lulu
Hanson, Kittie	Krause, Florence
Hargrave, Sarah	Kuster, Susie
Harkey, Ida	Kuster, Louisa
Harnett, Ida	
†Harvey, Sophronia	Latham, Gussie
†Hatch, Florence	Lawrence, Addie
Hathwell, Nellie	Lee
Hathwell, Belle	*Leining, Mina
Haun, Kate	Leining, Lucretia
Hawley, Lillie	Lithgow, Carrie

Littlefield, Nellie
 *Littlefield, Alice
 Lofton, Nancy
 Long, Lizzie
 †Love, Mary
 Lowery, Hattie

 †Magruder, Sallie
 Marcuse, Julien
 Masson, Cecile
 May, Jessie
 Micthum, Mollie
 †Moody, Ella
 Morris, Nellie
 Morris, Susie
 Murphy, Lulu
 †McDaniel, Nina
 †McDaniel, Lizzie
 McDaniel, Ada
 McDaniel, Eugene
 McGonegal, Mary
 †McIntosh, Mollie
 McQuaid, Mary
 McQueen, Mary Ann

Nathan, Flora
 *Nelson, Addie
 *Newberry, Nellie
 Nye, Naomi

†Oldfield, Carrie
 †Overton, Kate

Paine, Louisa
 Parlin, Clara
 †Parsons, Emily

Patterson, Jennie
 Payne, Myra
 Pauley, Ella
 Pauley, Lulu
 Peplow, Cynthia
 Phipps, Annie
 Pierce, Carrie
 Pierson, Dora
 Pixley, Carrie
 *Plaskett, Mattie
 Posey, Dora
 Poston, Amanda
 Poston, Sarah
 Pumyea, Florence

Ransom, Augusta
 Rice, Lucretia
 Rice, Sallie
 Richardson, Lucy
 Rideout, Carrie
 Rideout, Mrs. Phoebe
 †Ridge, Alice
 Risley, Medora
 Risley, Nellie
 Robinson, Belle
 Rooney, Ellen
 †Rooney, Julia
 Rooney, Minnie
 Rowe, Imogene

Sanborn
 Scott, Emma
 Selby, Anna
 Seavey, Minnie
 *Seward, Sarah
 Sharpe, Laura

Shelley, Irene
 Shields, Ella
 Simmons, Lizzie
 †Simpson, Mary Ella
 Simpson, Nettie
 Smiley, Caddie
 Smith, Effie
 Sooy, Mary
 Soule, Gertrude
 Spiers, Nellie
 Specht, Emma
 Starr, Mrs. Ada
 Stewart, Jennie
 Stockton, Josephine
 Stone, Carry
 Stone, Ettie
 Sweetzer, Lousia
 †Swezy, Amella

 Taylor, Kate
 Taylor, Gertrude
 †Teegarden, Susie
 Teegarden, Josephine
 †Thomas, Mary
 Thompson, Madie

Townsend, Lousia
 Townsend, Lucinda
 Turner, Julia

*Van Clief, Helena
 Van Clief, Annie
 Van Rankin, Jennie
 Van Meter, Fannie
 *Vincent, Mary

 *Wadsworth, Eno
 †Watts, Laura
 †Watts, Alice
 Weekes, Lousia
 Weikle, Mary
 Westcoatt, Flora
 Wheeler, Minnie
 White, Mary
 †Whitmore, Tillie
 Wick, Ida
 Wilcoxon, Emma
 Wilkin, Carrie
 Wilkins, Jennie
 Wilkins, Ben
 Wilson, Mary

Oakland Girls

Abbott, Callie
 Allman, Emma
 Alney, Florence
 Ammerman, Nellie
 Atchinson

Babcock, Edith
 Barnett, Fannie

Barstow, Ella
 Bassett, K
 Beachey, Gray
 Becht
 Belcher, Mattie
 Bernal
 †Blasdel, Lillie
 Blossom, Nellie

Blow, Masie	Conger
Bockius	Conover, Bell
Bonnemort, Mollie	Cook, Pauline
Bonnemort, Jennie	Cook, Susie
Booth, Ida	Crane
Booth, Jessie	Cushing, Etta
*Bowers, Mary	
Bowers, Ella	Davis, Susie
Bowers, Fanney	Davis, Harriet
†Bradley, Mary	Davis, Lillie
Bradley, Lucy	Dawley, Ida
Bragg, Ida	†Dean, Bell
Brandt, Maud	†Dean, Ella
Bray, Julia	Deming, Helen
Brett, Ada	De Fremery
Brewster, Hattie	†Durden, Nellie
Brigham, Lena	Dyer, Jennie
†Bromley, Annie	
Bromley, Mary	†Eager, Laura
Brown, Florence	Elliott, Frances
†Bucklelew, Lillie	Ernst
	Everson, Lilly
†Caldwell, Mamie	Everson, Mollie
Caldwell, Mattie	Ewing
†Call, Alice	
†Cameron, Nellie	Farish, Dottie
†Carrick, Ada	Farish, Kittie
Case, Lulu	†Farrier, Emma
Chabot, Nellie	Farrier, Anna
*Chandon, Josephine	†Ffoulkes, Margaret
Clarke, Edith	Ffoulkes, May
Clarke, L.	†Filkins, Lizzie
Clarke, H.	†Finley
Clift, Elizabeth	Fish, Emma
Clift, Clara	Fogg
Coleman, Jessie	Francis, Anna

Gamble, Fannie	Hutchins, Minnie
Gates, Laura	Hyde, Daisy
Gilman	Hyde, Nellie
†Goodfellow, Katherine	Hyde, Mamie
†Goodfellow, Bessie	Hyde, Mabel
Gorham, Florence	Hunt, Lizzie
†Grant, Abbie	
Gray, Fanny	†Johnson, Ada
Grayson, Mamie	
Grayson, Georgie	Keller, L.
Green, Lillie	King, Lou
Guard, Charlotte	Kirkham, Katherine
Guard, Jessie Lorna	Kuhne, L.
	Kuhne, N.
Hamer, W.	
Hamilton	Lamar, Fannie
Harlan, Helena	Lathan, Edith
Harris, Bessie	Larcomb, Nellie
Harris, Linda	Leshet, L.
Hartshorne, Annie	Lossios, Carrie
Hawley, Lillie	Ludwig, Emma
Hawley, Jessie	
Hayes, Florence	†Madden, Mina
Henrehan, Blanche	Marsh, Mamie
†Holcombe, Angie	Marsh, Lillie
Hopkins, Lydia	Mantz, C. G.
Hornung, Ferdinand	Marston, Mary
Houghton	Martin, Vibella
Howard, Marcella	Mason, Annie
Howard, Maud	*Mathews, Nellie
Howell	Mayhew, Frankie
Hoyt, Daisy	Merideth
Hudson, Edna	Mhoone, Lillie
Huff, Kate	Mhoone, Mary
Hutchinson, Martha	Mibielle, Jennie
Hutchinson, Mollie	Miller, Minnie

Mills, Addie
 Moore, Clara
 Moore, S.
 *Morse, Emma
 Morse, Annie
 Morrison
 Mowe, Ella
 McDonald, Belle
 †McMartin, Lizzie

 Nash
 †Nelson, Addie
 Nicholson, Corinne
 Nourse, Mamie
 Nourse, Ethel

 †Olmsted, Sybil
 Olmsted, Pauline
 *Olney, Fannie
 Orr, Edna

 Page, Fannie
 Page, Mamie
 *Palmer, Mary
 Patton, Mrs.
 *†Pavilier, Rane
 Pearson, Alice
 Perine, Florence
 Polk, Lee Ora
 Polk, Chunie

 †Quigley, May

 Reichardt, Johanna
 †Requa, Laura
 Reynolds, Bessie

†Reynolds, Laura
 †Reynolds, Mamie
 Rhoda, Ellen
 Rice, Katy
 Richardson, Lucy
 Richardson, Mattie
 Ridge, Nannie
 Risdon, Daisy
 Rising
 Rising
 Roberts, Lulu
 Robson
 Rodgers, Mamie
 Rogers, Nannie
 Root, Carrie
 Rowe, Rebecca
 Rowe, Lillie
 Rowe, Vinie
 Runyon, Emma
 Russell, Susie

 Schenck
 Scribner, Emma
 Selby, Kate
 Sherburne
 Sherman
 Simpson, Lucy
 Simpson, Mamie
 Smith, Clara
 Smith, Emma
 Smith, Myrtle
 Smith, Belle
 Snider, May
 Sparks, Mantie
 Spear, Sadie
 Steer, Willie

Stone, Laura May	Van Rankin, Jennie
Stone, M. F.	Volberg, Emma
Stuart, Isabel	
Stubbs	Wakeman, Angie
Sweetapple	Wakeman, Francesca
	Walker, Mary
	Walker, Clara
Thomes, Eva	†Wall, Lou
Thompson, Lida	Wall, Bessie
†Thompson, Georgie	Wall, Ella
Thompson, Mamie	†Warbass, Alice
Tompkins, Bessie	†Watts, Laura
Tompkins, Bonnie	†Watts, Alice
Tompkins, Juliet Wilbur	Webb, Aggie
Tompson, Eliza	Wellman, Bessie
Toombs, Mary	Wellman, Emma
Traver, Kittie	Whalley, Mary
Traverse, Lillie	Whatmore, Amy
Trittle, Katy	Whitlow
Tubbs, Grace	†Whitmore, Tillie
†Tubbs, Lillie	Wilbur, Annie
†Tubbs, Hettie	Wilkins, Mattie
Tubbs, Florence	Williams, Fanny
Turner, Julia	Wilson, Clara
Van Arsdale, Kate	Yerby, Jennie
†Van Oterendorf, Jacoba	Young, Bertha
Van Oterendorf, Frieda	
Van Oterendorf, Lulu	Zeigenbein, Mary
	Zuber, Mary

The Old Year, Dread Nineteen-six, 1906
The New Year, 1907

Dead and gone, dread Nineteen-six!
With earthquake shock and treacherous bricks
And pitiless flame,

Dead and gone, dread Nineteen-six,
With guilt and shame and coward tricks,
We blush to name.
Dead and gone, dread Nineteen-six.

Hail to the new-born Nineteen-seven: (1907)
Fresh and pure as breath from Heaven
With promise bright.
True men we'll have for Nineteen-seven
Of saner mould, of stronger leaven
And clearer sight, Strong for the right.
Hail to the New Year, Nineteen-seven!

Down with the false, up with the true,
Let all men strive and *woman* too,
With heart to heart and hand in hand
To make this fair Columbia Land
The Home of Love and Peace
In Nineteen-seven.

Down with the false, up with the true,
Let one and all begin anew
With trust in God to give us light
To tread the path of truth and right:
To check the fevered thirst for gold,

Do honest work as was of old.
Nor let the rush of social strife
Bar out the simple joys of life.
Let pride and passion rule no more;
Our neighbor love or rich or poor.
And slander cease.

No weakening grief for what is gone,
'T is ours to *work* and not to *mourn*
In Nineteen-seven.
"Firm, united, let us stand"
North and South with East and West
For what is *good*, for what is *best*,
And give to our great Mother land
Foretaste of Heaven
In Nineteen-Seven.

E. C. P.

San Francisco, January first, Nineteen-seven.

